

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Night and Early Morning

STANLEY ELKIN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

The sun left San Francisco, westward bound, hours, many hours ago.
In Las Vegas, Nevada, roulette wheels and heads spin.
Chicagoans, abed, dream of tomorrow and the day after—
Tomorrow,
While in New York, milkmen wipe sleep from their eyes
And the morning papers lie in a bundle before the stands.
The great city stretches and yawns, and turns over in bed
To have another go at the night.
But dawn doesn't take no for an answer
And comes creeping up slowly out of Long Island,
And is welcomed by birds in Central Park
And the Homicide Squad in Brooklyn,
Both glad in their own way that the night is over.
Up to 210th street now, the Bronx;
The Yankees took a double-header from Boston yesterday
And the local citizenry passed a good night.
In Brooklyn, where time is measured by the arrival and
Departure of the BMT, the box office at Ebbets Field is
Already open and ready for business.
Meanwhile, in Queens, doors slam after kisses on
The cheeks of wives.
The morning grows up and enters puberty.
It is of age now,
No longer the exclusive property of milkmen, howling babies,
And workers on the night shift,
It stands on its own two feet directly in the sunlight
So that people might see it and recognize it.
The people shade their eyes from the sun and set out to do
Morning things.
And what is a morning thing?
It is eating breakfast, and making beds,
It is reading the *Times*
And punching a time clock.
Or having a hang-over.

Along rural routes morning slips away from night
And enters quietly,
Unnoticed by any
Save the rooster
And fertile fields.
The morning is a noiseless thing and changes from
Black,
To blue,
To gray,
To gold
Without disturbance and makes its appointed rounds
Anonymously,
Touching field and meadow
And the south forty
With its gentle sun-fingers.
The farmer looks the morning in the face and says,
"It'll be a good day."
Or,
"It'll be a bad day."
Or,
"It might rain. It ain't rained for a long spell.
That wheat needs some rain."
And he sets out to do morning things.
And what is a morning thing?
It is shaving and winding a watch,
It is feeding the horses and the hens
And milking cows
And giving the hogs breakfast.

.

In the city where telephone books bulge with the names of people
Who live near you
And are not neighbors,
On farms where you call people by their first names
For miles in any direction,
The morning grows old.
The morning grows old
And you cannot stop it.
You can only stand and watch,
And wait.
And come noon,
It slips away forever. . . .

Kafur

CHARLES W. ECKERT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE BRUTAL STENCH OF ROTTING FRUIT, DEAD CATS, offal, bilge, putrefied eggs, and ancient vegetables, which permeates almost every oriental side street, came in with me as I lifted the latch on Kafur Al-Zaman's "Genuine Japanese Shop" and entered. As I stood hesitantly in the front of the shop, a sound of shuffling footsteps issued from somewhere back of the main counter, and presently a small man appeared, framed against a backdrop of oriental bric-a-brac which littered the walls. With a slight nod and a pleasant, wrinkled smile, he greeted me. That was the first time I saw Kafur Al-Zaman.

Of course, at that time, he was just another shop owner to me, and I, for his part, was a naive "G.I." with a desire to buy a few pocket-size examples of Japanese culture. I came to know Kafur intimately in the weeks that followed for several reasons. One was the necessity of doing business on a black-market basis, since our occupation currency was no good to the Koreans. Another was a mutual interest in cameras and art. Many were the trips I had to make down the labyrinth of evil-smelling streets to Kafur's old shop with my pockets bulging suspiciously. I brought Kafur soap, cologne, cigarettes, perfume, and tooth paste. In return he gave me credit towards the teakwood carving I wanted and a great deal of interesting conversation. Our friendship grew with every visit because of my intense interest in his life and background and his returned interest in the stories I told him of America. Our conversations ranged through a list of topics from art to the army but always ended by my asking him for one of the thousands of strange and adventurous stories he knew. When I asked him for one, he would smile indulgently, and, composing his face with an air of reflection, would tell me of his youth or of his life in India. As he warmed to his subject, his eyes would glow faintly with the lost dreams of his youth, and, although his stories touched on fury, hunger, and lost hopes, his face would remain the studied mask of an oriental statue. Only his eyes would reflect the sadness and irony that most of his stories held.

I usually visited him at night, after his shop had been closed, and we would sit and talk in his dingy little room, which always smelled of the fragrant Chinese orange-tea he brewed. In the candlelit darkness, the sound of his deep voice and the rich odor of the tea were the only real things. All the rest, the tales of Indian rituals and fabulous Chinese temples, of Buddhism and oriental customs, were fantasy and imagination to me. Both the atmosphere of the room and his stories etched themselves on my mind with a vividness that still persists.

I shared with him the strangeness of a destiny that leads a man from Siverek, Turkey, to Karachi, India, and from there to a dark curio shop on a crooked side street of Seoul, Korea. I felt the heavy sadness in his voice as he told me of a tragic accident in India that had burned his home, killed his young wife, and left him to wander through Southern China with nothing left except his youth and a change of clothes. Kafur's stories and his hospitality drew me like a magnet back to his shop, and the weekly visits made the boring routine of army life more bearable.

When my orders came to return to the "States," they came suddenly and gave me time to make only one last visit to Kafur's. It was in the spring of the year, and as I walked down the crowded, narrow street, I looked at the stores and people with a renewed interest, realizing that it was the last time I would see those sights. Rivulets of dirty water trickled down the steeper streets, for the day was warm and the last of the winter snows was melting. It surprised Kafur a great deal to see me in the daytime, and when I told him of my orders coming through, he seemed genuinely happy for me. I had only a few minutes to talk, and I told Kafur that I had to go back to my barracks to pack. As I stood by the door, ready to leave, Kafur shook my hand warmly and wished me good luck and a happy voyage home. As I left the shop, I promised to send him a letter and a canister of good tobacco from the "States," and then, after a final handshake, I left. The street outside was bright and warm, but I felt very depressed as I walked away, for I knew that a rare friendship had ended.

Curtain

RICHARD MINOR
Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

WHILE ENJOYING A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL PLAY, HAVE you ever thought about the trials and tribulations the director of the play must have gone through in producing his masterpieces? In the event that you don't realize the miseries of a director, I shall attempt to explain, from my own experiences, just what you must endure if you are to be a successful director.

Your first task involves many long nights of reading and re-reading, of laughing with comedies, of crying or sighing with tragedies, of considering and weighing and thinking, until, at last, you have selected your play. You have considered the size of your cast, the acting material you will have, the size of the stage, the properties needed, and the time you will have; and your play meets all these requirements. Now you are ready for casting.

Casting is the selection of actors who will play the parts of the characters in the play. To the director, it means the making of new enemies. Some individuals can't seem to realize that others are better suited to certain parts

than they. When you have judged and worried your way through casting and have issued the scripts to the characters, you begin the nerve-racking job of rehearsals.

As director, you arrive at rehearsals an hour before the prescribed time in order to get the stage and a few temporary properties in readiness. When the actors arrive, usually half an hour late, you begin the practice, instructing the characters on the pronunciation of words, the proper voice inflection, facial expressions, body actions, gestures, and on and on. During these rehearsals, you make certain that the cast are learning their lines and their cues.

Meanwhile, as director, you have selected a publicity committee for the advertising of the play, and you're directing that committee in its work. You have studied the play with respect to make-up, and are instructing the make-up committee on the various kinds of make-up needed for each character. You are consulting with the lighting man and the sound-effects man on the types of lighting and sound effects which will be necessary.

Also, you are working with the properties committee, which is responsible for any and all properties to be used in the play. These persons must acquire such things as costumes, furniture, and the personal properties of each character. They may be required to find and get anything from a herd of live pigs to a dozen ladies' corsets from the seventeenth century. And you must tell them what to get and see that they get it.

After some weeks of rehearsing, your big night finally arrives. You have worried throughout the day about "those little scenes which didn't go so well," and you've called desperate, last-minute rehearsals. You've made certain that the ushers, the ticket-sellers, the announcer, the between-acts entertainers, the coat-checkers, the curtain-pullers, and the prompters, who sit backstage and help any confused actor who forgets his lines, all know their instructions perfectly and are ready to carry them out.

And now, thirty minutes before curtain time, you are frantically directing the make-up crew, the stage crew, the lighting crew, and the sound-effects crew, all simultaneously. Your panic mounts as the reports begin to come in on lost, broken, or forgotten properties. You wonder if you'll ever regain your sanity, as you hear, "One of the pigs is loose in the girls' dressing room," or, "I can't find my pants."

When, at last, you have taken care of all the little problems, and have implored, pleaded, threatened, coaxed, reasoned, and cursed those of the cast who are stiff with stage-fright and are bent on fainting or "going home" into seeing it through, you call, "Curtain," and your play begins.

Throughout the presentation of your masterpiece, you are slaving backstage. You direct the changes in scenery, costumes, and make-up, and give the actors "pep-talks" between scenes and acts. You listen carefully as each character goes through his part perfectly. You have been a thorough and merciless director, and the results are apparent.

You are filled with pride and relief as that last line is given, the curtain is drawn, and the audience roars with applause. Your play is finished. *Your* play! You're a normal human being again. You can eat, and sleep, and think. And you realize that you've passed the test; you're a successful director.

Return

MYRON GREENMAN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE DRY, SCORCHING SUN BEAT DOWN UNMERCIFULLY on the dead body of Marlin York, casting a long, black shadow on the golden sand, where he had found quiet peace. A withered brown cactus, the only other object in view, stood ten paces away, burying its lonely roots in a small mound of sand.

Four days ago, Marlin York had been sitting on the ground beneath an old tree in front of his mother's dilapidated house. From time to time he would stop staring at the bare earth in front of him and would, instead, part his lips in an idiotic expression of glee, and with child-like earnestness try to grasp the few rays of sunlight filtering down through the branches of the tree. After a while, he rose from his dejected stupor and shuffled up the front stairs into the house. He careened along into the kitchen, where his mother was in the midst of taking steaming hot bread out of the clay oven. He tried to sidestep the pile of stove wood lying in the middle of the room. Instead, he fell heavily, clumsily against the handle of the peel with which his mother was drawing the bread out of the oven. The fresh baked loaves fell to the dirt floor.

"You stumbling wretch!" his mother screamed.

"Get out! Get out!"

The boy sensed the intention of his mother's words even though he could not fully comprehend their literal meaning. He lurched quickly out of the room, afraid that his mother might once again hit him with the broom, and fled down the stairs. He ran blindly, trying to wipe out that deep-rooted, sickening fear that had always been inside him. It was strange to see the lone figure of the boy outlined against leveled earth and wide sky as he hobbled on and on and on. He rested now and then, but the old terror still gripped him. He was blind in a world of savagery and hate. He felt his feet grow heavy with the added weight of the desert sand adhering momentarily to them. And then there was nothing—nothing but an idiot's loss.

The dry, scorching sun beat down unmercifully on the dead body of Marlin York, a long black shadow on the golden sand where he had found quiet peace. A withered brown cactus, the only other object in view, stood ten paces away, burying its lonely roots in a small mound of sand.

The Rugged Individualist

JOE BREWER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

FOR YEARS I'VE HEARD THE PRECEDING GENERATION lament the passing of the rural characters of old—the men that lived and labored from the Post-Civil War Period to the First World War—those rustic, but skillful individuals who earned their living by the brawn of their backs and the craft in their fingers. Then was a time when “men were men,” unpampered by the present-day power driven machinery and implements which try to make every man's work equal every other man's work. I took all these reminiscences with a grain of salt, for I've heard it said that the generation following Adam and Eve originated the phrase, “The good old days were better.”

But when I met Fred Drum, I stopped collecting salt and decided that maybe we of the present generation are on the way down hill. Fred Drum, a New England jack-of-all-trades who served as my boss on a farm several summers ago, was eighty-nine years old that year and could still outwork any of us farmhands. His experience was unlimited; in his day he had been a farmer, railroad section foreman, cook, blacksmith, saw-mill operator, house-mover, well-digger, carpenter, plumber, and county road superintendent. For two years he drove a ten-horse team for the Barnum & Bailey Circus. He and his brother spent several years in the hills of Massachusetts, cutting pine trees and making charcoal in crude clay ovens. Needless to say, he preferred the old slow-but-sure way of doing every task. He was superstitious; he wouldn't kill anything during the period of the waning moon, and he planted his crops on a lunar schedule. He knew just how his thoughts were cast on every issue; there was never a change. This was true, probably, because his father and grandfather had long since formed the mold that made the man, and you couldn't change his thinking with a team of horses—not with a strong team of horses.

Mr. Drum's wisdom matched his age. I can still see him give one of us a squelching glance through his one good eye, spit tobacco juice from between the two brown stubs that guarded the entrance to his mouth, and utter one of the sage statements that became so familiar that summer. “B'God, don't force it, boy. Oil's cheaper than machinery.” His every sentence invariably began or ended with the New England interjection, “B'God.” In fact, after a few days of working with him all the farmhands referred to him as “Mr. B'God.”

That wiry little man has a spirit and constitution that demands admiration. When I went back to see him last Christmas, he had just returned from

the hospital after a nearly fatal operation. I later learned that he had left the hospital against the doctor's orders. At eighty-nine he could still say, "I can't be spendin' my whole life in a hospital; I've got a wood lot to clear and some logs to cut, B'God."

I can't help thinking that when men like Fred Drum fell their last tree and become part of the legend of the old days, this country will have lost a great deal of the independence, ambition, and will-to-work that made the nation progress.

The Symphony

WILLIAM KRAY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

THE SYMPHONY IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF INSTRUMENTAL music and reached its zenith during the classical period at the same time as the sonata.

In the year 1600, the first operas and oratorios were written. This year was also the beginning of independent instrumental music and the symphony. The word *symphony* was first used to signify the short instrumental introductions and incidental pieces played during the performance of an opera. It was applied to the introduction and endings of the vocal solos, and gradually, longer instrumental pieces were written. The music which preceded the opera came to be known as the overture. In the course of time these early overtures were played apart from the operas, and, as soon as they assumed an independent existence, composers began to lavish more care upon them. This marks the first serious steps in the direction of the symphony; therefore, it might be easily said that the symphony sprang from the overture. The art-work or plan of the symphony closely agrees with the three-movement overture which, like the three-movement sonata, long prevailed until Joseph Haydn introduced a fourth movement into his symphonies. The four-movement plan came to be very generally—though not exclusively—adopted by other writers of symphonies and sonatas of that time; the most shining examples we have are Mozart and, later, Beethoven.

Since the time of Haydn, the symphony acquired a distinct art-form, and as understood at the present day, it consists of four movements and is precisely similar to a sonata, but is of larger dimensions and development. The first movement is usually quick, lively, and joyful. The Italians have a good name for this movement, and it is still in use—*Allegro*. It is the most important movement of the entire composition and is written, in nearly every case, in binary form or style—that is, with two subjects. The first subject gives a melody which modulates into a different key; the second subject, beginning in that key, returns to the original key, using some of the original

melody, as well as others. After this comes (1) the development of the two subjects, (2) their reappearance both in the original (tonic) key, and (3) a coda, or finishing touch. The first movement is preceded, at times, by a slow introduction. These introductions often assume large proportions, and are then very important. The next movement is of a slower nature, and it is in this movement that the composer displays his most beautiful melodic writing and his most delicate and enchanting imaginative ideas. The third movement is a stately French dance known as a minuet, which Haydn introduced. Mozart also used the classic minuet, but with Beethoven, it gradually changed into a quicker and more lively movement, which became the "scherzo"—a musical joke, a play upon notes, exhibited by the constant recurrence of some little figure of a few notes. The last movement is a lively finale, usually written in the binary style described earlier, except that an extra section being added to the movement gives the impression of a majestic and more final ending.

With respect to the instruments used, the ordinary symphony orchestra consists of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two or four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, kettle-drums, and the strings—first and second violins, violas, celli, and bassi. The proportion of strings varies very greatly according to the size of the hall or other place where the orchestra performs. Sometimes there are six first violins, six seconds, two violas, two 'cellos, and a bass; sometimes there are as many as fifty strings or more divided in the same proportion. The number of wind instruments is almost invariably the same—one instrument only to each part. For special purposes other instruments are required, though new instruments have been added only very slowly from time to time. Originally, when Haydn began, there were often only two oboes and two horns added to the strings, with trumpets and drums for the loud passages. A flute and two bassoons were afterwards added. The clarinet likewise made its appearance about the same time, by slow and tentative degrees, though in but few of Haydn's symphonies do we find it. Mozart was the first to employ the clarinet in a symphony, and Beethoven regularly used it. Beethoven was the first to use trombones, and in his later works, he used four horns. Undoubtedly, it goes without saying, Beethoven not only helped develop, but also stabilized the symphony and the orchestra that performs it. However, we cannot now think of a symphony without associating its name with all three of the great classical composers—Haydn, who gave it birth; Mozart, who gave it careful guidance during its youth; and Beethoven, who gave it a definite plan.

By the end of the eighteenth century instrumental music took its stand as the highest form of pure or absolute art without the help of any accessory idea such as the aid of words in vocal music, or scenery and dramatic action in opera. Music, in the symphony, told its own tale and carried its own conviction.

Euthanasia

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS FROM INCURABLE, PAINFUL diseases are crying out for release from their misery. For their sake a satisfactory bill legalizing euthanasia should be passed without delay.

Euthanasia means the termination of a person's life by painless means in order to end incurable physical suffering. Thousands of patients doomed to a slow, agonizing death are beseeching their doctors to put them out of their misery. The choice which these sufferers present to their physicians is not a choice between life and death, but between two kinds of death: a lingering, horrible one or a quick, painless one. Those doctors who comply with their patient's wishes make themselves liable to prosecution by law and to professional ruin. Although it is a doctor's solemn obligation to relieve suffering, it is legally impossible for him to acquiesce in a patient's plea for euthanasia.

Because medical science has been able to prolong the life span of man, many more people are able to live to the age at which incurable diseases tend to strike. For example, statistics show that the death rate for cancer—responsible for the largest number of slow and painful deaths—has been doubled in the last thirty years. These figures show that the need for euthanasia is becoming greater all the time.

As yet, science has been unable to produce a drug that gives any more than a transient relief from pain. After a few injections of a pain-killing narcotic, the body builds up an immunity to it. Morphine, which at first gives four hours of relief from pain, soon has no effect whatsoever. As a result, many sufferers desiring euthanasia are forced to live in pain and mental anguish, not knowing when they are going to die.

A committee of New York doctors has proposed a bill for euthanasia which is remarkably simple. Suppose John Doe is suffering severely from a disease for which there is no known relief or cure. If he is sane and over twenty-one, he can, if he wants to, make application to a court for euthanasia. It is required that he submit an affidavit from his physician testifying that his illness is incurable. A three-man board, two of whose members are doctors who check his condition, is appointed by the court to investigate. The third member is a lawyer who makes sure that the patient signed the petition of his own free will.

If the court receives a favorable report from the board, a permit is issued; and after a few days the three members of the board visit him again. In the event that he may have made an impulsive request in his suffering, the board asks him if he still desires euthanasia. If he repeats that he still wants

merciful release, a physician of his own choice injects an overdose of morphine into his veins, in the presence of the board. His pain immediately subsides and he becomes drowsy. In a few seconds he drops into unconsciousness and his suffering is ended forever.

The chief opposition to euthanasia is to be found in clerical circles. Some clergymen contend that euthanasia is immoral. They point to the Bible, which states: "Thou shalt not kill." This seems to be sidestepping the real issue. The proposal is to make it legal to administer a quick, painless death to those already doomed. The bill for euthanasia has also found many advocates among the clergy. A group of fifty-four Protestant and Jewish religious leaders which met in behalf of the bill jointly announced that, in their opinion, voluntary euthanasia is not at variance with moral and religious concepts. It might also be added that no doctor is compelled to administer euthanasia if it is against his religious scruples. He need only submit a patient's request for euthanasia to a court, which will then provide a doctor who favors the law.

In actual practice, there can be no more criticism of legal euthanasia than there is now of legal abortion to save a woman's life. Euthanasia should certainly be legalized in order to bring relief to the many sufferers doomed to a lingering, agonizing death.

The Advantages of Being a Hermit

CHARLES W. ECKERT
Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

THERE COMES A FRUSTRATING, HALF-MAD MOMENT IN every rhetoric student's life when he or she faces a blackboard upon which are scrawled a group of cryptic phrases, known in the trade as "assigned theme topics." The titles usually run like this: "Should the Federal Government Subsidize Wool-Raising?" "My Favorite One Thousand Books and Why," or "The Two Franklin D. Roosevelts—Man and Aircraft-Carrier." But these are only examples. The topic I am forced to write upon for this theme is "The Advantages of Being a Hermit." I suspect that no more than one in ten thousand Americans meets a real, live hermit in his lifetime, but, luckily for you, I am one in ten thousand. The hermit with whom I am acquainted (and remember, Mr. Instructor, you asked for this) is an Octopus named Homer. Well, what are you gaping at? It so happens that Homer is the only hermit I've ever known.

You see, Homer lived in the Pacific Ocean in a simple, little cave. He was

no ordinary octopus. Not Homer! He was a hermit, a social outcast, and a free-thinker all in one. His mental pre-occupation kept him so absorbed, in fact, that he seldom left his cave. He existed solely on seaweed and crustacea which he ate out of a rusty helmet that had been thrown overboard by one of Magellan's conquistadores in 1521. His only friend was a simple-minded little guppie named Humphrey, who idolized Homer and thought him the wisest octopus imaginable. Humphrey was so gullible that he believed everything Homer said without question.

"Do you know," asked Homer in a kidding mood one day, "that I can make the world end any time I want to?"

"No!" gasped Humphrey, completely awed by the statement.

"Well, I can," said Homer. "Just like that," he said, snapping a tenacle. When Humphrey went home, he told Homer's wonderful boast to his father, who was a Red-Herring named Boris.

"Vot's dis?" asked Boris aghast. "Dot five-star no gootnik! Dot Leech! He's corrupting your mind mit lies, already!" And with that he raced towards Homer's cave, calling other fish as he dashed along. Poor Humphrey didn't know that the fish had been hoping to find something incriminating about the eccentric Homer for a long time.

Arriving outside Homer's cave, Boris screamed, "Liar! Fraud! Chip-Skate! Come out before we comink in after you, already!"

Homer stuck his head out of the cave and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Lies! Dot's what's wrong!" screamed Boris. "Ferry-tales, yet! So you tellink my little Humphrey you can makink de voild end, huh?"

"Dah . . . Yeh!" echoed a Sulphur Bottom Whale named Walter. "Dah . . . You tink you're a wise guy, huh?" he mumbled.

It is to Homer's credit that he recognized the seriousness of the situation immediately. A lot of the fish hated him. One wrong word, one verbal slip, and his life was not worth a kettle of seaweed. He glared at the mob with a look of contempt and shouted "Fools! What do you know of my supernatural powers?"

The mob quailed uncertainly before his flashing eyes and lofty voice. Only Boris was equal to the occasion. "Haukay," he said with a triumphant gleam in his eye, "Den perhaps you tellink us, mister know-it-all, chust ven de voild is endink."

"Gladly!" replied Homer. "The world will end in less than fifteen seconds!"

Then, glaring at the mob, he strolled back into his cave and rolled a huge boulder in front of the entrance. His sole purpose in making the frightening statement had been to gain time in which to hide far back in his cave. But exactly eleven and one-half seconds after he got the boulder in place, the floor of the ocean erupted, the sea was shattered into a million droplets, and the most unearthly flash and concussion imaginable penetrated the area.

By sheer coincidence, you see, this story took place near a little atoll called Bikini, and the U. S. Navy had just conducted the first atomic bomb test on the water's surface. Needless to say, Homer was the only survivor, and, although he still has recurrent radioactive headaches, he is living like a king. The fish-folk all worship him as a prophet, and his fabulous reputation makes the Oracle at Delphi and the Cumaean Sibyl look like tea leaf readers by comparison. Thus ends the story.

Progress a la Lodge

THEODORE SWAIN
Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE SEVENTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION provided for the direct election of Senators by the people of the several states. Transportation, communication, and the average level of education had so far advanced beyond the visions of the Founding Fathers that the old system was outmoded, even dangerous. So the outmoded system was changed. We have likewise passed that point in our history where the Electoral College system of electing Presidents serves efficiently. In view of this fact, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, has proposed an amendment to modernize the Presidential election system.

The Lodge plan would abolish the Electoral College as it now exists but would retain the state units of electoral votes and the formula at present used for determining their number, i. e., one electoral vote for each Senator and Representative to which the state is entitled. The main difference would be in the dividing of the electoral vote of a state in proportion to the popular vote, instead of giving all of the state's votes in a block to the candidate receiving the highest popular total. Another feature of the plan is that only a plurality, not a majority, of the electoral votes would be needed to win. This would prevent the election from becoming dead-locked and thrown into the House of Representatives, as could have happened fairly easily in the past election.

To determine the merits of this plan, it is necessary to consider the flaws in the existing method, to decide whether the proposed plan would remedy them, and also to give consideration to the other major proposal on the subject, namely, the direct popular vote. Critics of the present system point out that it is possible, and in fact has happened more than once in the past, for a man to be elected President while receiving fewer votes than his opponent. Further, making the winning or losing of large blocks of electoral votes dependent on a relatively few popular votes (as in large states where the vote is close) tends to give abnormal influence to blocs of voters, notably racial or economic groups. Also in a state traditionally of one party, the voters of the opposite

party are, in effect, disfranchised in that their vote can never have any effect on the national result unless half of the state's voters can be persuaded to join them. This is rather difficult for a Republican in the South or a Democrat in Maine or Vermont.

The replacing of this system of a direct popular vote would do away with most of these flaws, but some other problems would arise in their stead. At present we are very much aware of the State's Rights issue and, in the Anti-Poll Tax Bill, its relation to the right of the state to set qualifications for voters. Under the popular vote plan this right would have to be taken away and the voting qualifications would have to be set by the Federal government. Obviously if a state let its citizens vote at the age of eighteen (as is now the case in Georgia) that state would gain a greater than average influence on an election's outcome. Also if some states were to allow illiterates to vote and others did not, the latter states would be at a numerical disadvantage at the polls. One other point to be considered is that this proposal would reduce the influence of the smaller states. At present the less populous states have slightly more electoral votes than they would have if these votes were allocated on a strictly proportional basis. This is due to the fact that every state gets two votes (one for each Senator) plus its proportional number (equal to the number of Representatives). This is the basic compromise in our Constitution, and it is unlikely that the smaller states would wish to give it up.

The Lodge plan, by retaining the electoral vote formula, maintains the spirit of the Constitution and makes unnecessary Federal qualifications for voters; splitting the electoral vote in the state in proportion to the popular vote insures that no voter is disfranchised, prevents a candidate who trails in popular votes from being elected, and restores to their proper position of influence the big vote blocs. And by providing for the winning of the election by a plurality, the Lodge plan avoids the confusion of projecting the election into the House of Representatives. In short, the Lodge plan presents a just, fair and practical method of correcting the outmoded method we now use to elect our President.

"Wild" Animals

Animals in the woods aren't out looking for trouble. They don't have to look for it. Their lives are nothing but one trouble after another. The sentimental view is that wild animals live an idyl, doing as they like, browsing on herbs and flowers, wandering happily along woodland glades, and sleeping where night overtakes them. Another view regards them as ravening predators, wantonly destroying everything that comes in their path. Actually, the poor things must live in a constant state of terror. Excessively unpleasant things can, and do, happen to them. They can starve or freeze in winter. They are fly-ridden in the summer. Men and other animals constantly harass them. Their young may be taken from them in any number of ways, all violent. They know trouble too well to be interested in unduly making any more. I pity all wild animals, and I can't be afraid of or angry at anything that arouses my pity.—NORMAN SMULEVITZ.

Symphonia

PATRICIA WIRTH
Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

THE RAIN WAS SLOWLY TRICKLING DOWN THE WINDOW panes, forming little crystal rivulets that merged and created an intricate pattern resembling a mass of Christmas tree tinsel. It was one of those leisurely Sunday afternoons that some prosaic folk tend to call "gloomy" or "dreary"; but as I settled down in my father's huge, overstuffed chair, equipped with a book and an apple, it seemed as if all were right with God and his world. I started to read, not feverishly or hurriedly, but taking time to savor the beauty of the words. The fire crackling in the huge fireplace was all the company I needed, and I felt a sense of companionship I could not explain.

It must have been then that I dozed off, for the next thing I knew, I was running frantically through a dense forest. I could hear the thunder off in the distance rumbling like kettle drums. I ran and ran, not knowing what I was running from but sensing a deep fear that twisted my heart and set me to panting. Just as I felt I could not move another step, I stumbled into a clearing and fell gasping on the soft green sod. How long I lay there was beyond my comprehension, and in my dream world it seemed as though eons passed.

At last I regained some of the strength that had been sapped from me by my frantic and furious chase, and I rose to my feet as a French horn sounded away over the hills. I felt compelled to follow the sound, and I set off to find it. Haltingly at first and then more surely, I started up a gently sloping, green mound. A brightly colored bird, whose plumage identified it as one of a tropical species, darted ahead of me while the beat of its wings created a flute-like murmur.

As I reached the crest of the hill, I looked down into a secluded valley, and I could not fathom why I'd never seen it before. It wasn't hidden by a forest nor sheltered by a steep mountain. I stood pondering my plight when suddenly I heard the sound of the French horn again. I peered down into the mist of the valley, and slowly I made out the form of a tree. I glided down the hill toward the tree and became aware of an increasing brightness. Finally I stopped in awe; the tree was silvery and the moisture from the mist set it glittering as if it were made of a million little diamonds, each one reflecting a strange, champagne-colored light. Out of the haze came a fawn that paused under the tree. Just as I moved nearer, I felt a breeze stirring. As it reached the leaves of the tree, it set them to rustling, and the sound was as resonant as the chime when clear crystal is struck. The fawn sprinted away as the

French horn sounded once more. The thunder of the kettle drums rumbled in the distance, and as I ran after the fawn, an oboe started to warn me. I didn't see the sheer cliff just before me until too late; as I tried to hold myself from falling off the edge, I lost my balance and began to fall into a bottomless, black pit. I screamed, cymbals crashed, and I woke up with a start to find perspiration standing in little beads on my forehead and the palms of my hands slightly damp. For just an instant after my awakening, I still felt a very real fear of something utterly unknown to me. I pondered about my dream, one which I had had many times before and one that came to me at times when I felt most at peace with the world. What was I afraid of? Why did the music of certain instruments play such an important part in my dream? Why did I never catch the fawn and thereby gain the answer to the entire riddle of my dream? These are things I suppose I'll never know, but they will go on haunting my "favorite" dream, which I have grown to call lovingly, "Symphonia."

Approach to Australia

Imagine yourself in an airplane flying in from the Pacific to a God's-eye view of that great southland—"the land down under." Three thousand miles of coastline, in a glorious freehand curve from Cape York to Cape Howe, sweep down into the Venetian glass of the Coral Sea, deepening to the cobalt blue of the cold Tasman. Threaded with many coastal rivers, serrated by beautiful harbors, from torrid zones to temperate, the coast covers thirty of the parallels of latitude. It is jewelled with prosperous towns in a filigree of roads and railroads. And then in the distance, as though it were reaching up with a warm handshake of welcome, there appears out of the horizon a metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere, a city of warmth and sunshine, a city crowned with the glory of its beautiful surroundings, the city of Sydney, Australia.—MAX BURCKY.

Sydney, Australia

Sydney is the darling of Australia's heart, racing to the rhythm of a large American city. It is a city of a milling two million in a vast spider-web of narrow streets about a resplendent harbor, and with a beautiful bridge that is a symphony of clamoring steel. I could paint for you Sydney at sunrise, when the smiling blue of its harbor makes all nature young; or I could paint for you Sydney at dusk, with the ribs of its bridge black on the sunset, a shadow across nature. Its harbor, among the three most famous in the world, is lined with beautiful mansions whose tile roofs of red, green and blue gleam like jewels in the brilliant sunshine. During the week, Sydney is a busy intersection of highways and byways of trade. On Sunday it dreams of its own heaven with browned limbs in the warm sands of Manley and Bondi, the merriest surf-beaches this side of Paradise. The huge combers curl over in a sparkle of light and laughter, tossing the surf-boards and chasing the bathers along the sun-gold beaches. "Meet you under the third breaker at Bondi," says Sydney on Saturday when it closes shop and heads for its favorite sport and relaxation.—MAX BURCKY.

Edward Ellsberg's On the Bottom

JIM SAMPSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

A NAVY SUBMARINE HAS SUNK IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN several miles off the East coast! It is reported that some of the crew may still be alive and no effort or expense will be spared in order to save these men. The submarine is lying six hundred feet under water.

At this point Commander Edward Ellsberg begins the true story of the thrills, methods, hardships, and perils of deep-sea diving in connection with raising the sunken *S-51*. In writing the book, Ellsberg has described the technical operations, the courageous work of navy divers, and his own personal experiences "on the bottom" to form a plot filled with interest and high adventure. The action is so vividly presented that one feels as though he were actually taking part in each episode.

As the problem of raising the submarine unfolds, the many details which make such salvage operations complex are developed. The *S-52*, sister submarine of the *S-51*, is brought to the scene of the disaster, and by becoming familiar with the location of parts and features in this ship, the divers prepare themselves for work on their objective in the dark water six hundred feet below. Many plans are put into effect. An attempt to buoy the submarine to the surface by pumping air into it results in the first of many failures. Gigantic pontoons are used with more success. Here, too, however, the sea exhibits its treachery, and many carefully planned and executed operations end in heart-breaking disappointments or, as is often the case, skirmishes with sudden death. In describing these plans and operations, Ellsberg writes in a simple and interesting style that the reader can readily follow.

In regard to thrills, one can obtain a fair idea of the many exciting incidents that take place by such situations as a many ton cast iron pontoon ripping loose from its mooring cables and surging crazily about among the helpless salvage ships during a violent storm, a diver's being trapped with a broken air connection by a cave-in while tunneling in the loose sand under the *S-51*, and the race against the sea when rushing the leaking submarine to port as a storm is just beginning to whip up the waves. The sudden meeting between a diver and a floating corpse and the events which follow inside the totally dark submarine add both horror and humor to the story. The author brings in a touch of pity when he relates the probable story behind the unusual discovery of two of the *S-51's* dead crew. The two men were found suffocated on the deck of the submarine in a small, air-tight escape hatch which they could not open from the inside.

By cleverly weaving such situations into his pattern of facts, action, and danger, Ellsberg has created a story of a great salvage operation that will be read with interest for many years.

Love Among the Coffins

STANLEY KOVEN
Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

IT IS DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND WHATEVER POSSESSED Evelyn Waugh to write *The Loved One*, for in its entirety there is not one passage, one incident, nor one character which smacks of a sincere attempt to create. A total lack of sympathy, good taste, and, above all, integrity is more than apparent in this sordid tale of death and hypocrisy in Hollywood. The coy yet obvious manner in which the story unfolds is certainly no credit to an author of such considerable repute and capabilities as Mr. Waugh.

Essentially a satire, this novel satirizes nothing but its author's own shortsightedness. Our movie colony has much to be parodied; yet Waugh has lashed out at none of the basic issues which demand criticism. Instead, he wanders aimlessly about in a limbo of clichés, pretentious description, and immorality. He is obsessed with the business of death, with the consequences of human ignorance. This in itself would be worthwhile were it not for the fact that his characters are not endowed with any semblance of virtue, thus defeating his own purpose. Consequently, what is subtitled "an Anglo-American tragedy" reverts to nothing more than a localized farce, its impact shattered by the weakness of its characters.

The whole grotesque travesty of Whispering Glades Funeral Home and the strange, quiet people which inhabit it could have been done far more subtly and deftly by Robert Nathan; Aldous Huxley might easily have transformed it into a polished, if not momentous, piece of literature; William Faulkner might even have molded it into the tragedy which was the author's original intention through the skillful use of contrast and characterization of which he is so capable. In the hands of Mr. Waugh, however, none of these hopes are realized, and the reader is faced with a hopeless jumble of bizarre and inconsequential detail which leads him around in a never-ending circle.

It would be comforting indeed to know that this book is merely a careless lapse on the part of a writer who has previously done such fine work as is evidenced in *Brideshead Revisited* and countless shorter works. As we all know, the public is far too prone to forget the good and remember the bad, and we can't forget that public, can we, Mr. Waugh?

Appero - Tappero

R. R. TAPPERO
Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

OF ALL THE PROPOSED REFORMS SPIT-AND-ARGUED over nowadays, the one which would most readily and most favorably affect me would be a change in the alphabet.

I am scourged by a fate of deferred order. Simply because my name is Tappero instead of Appero, I must endure great anxiety. Had the alphabet been differently arranged, all this could have been prevented. As it is, the letter *T* is far down the line, and all other things being equal, I'm still twentieth in precedence.

To all Aarons, Abbots, and even the Jones this may seem trifling. They can afford to feel superior. Their alphabetical order is assured by tradition.

It's not that I am not duly proud of my name. On the contrary I carry the usual reminders of it on my person nearly all the time. Cuff links, belt-buckles, monogrammed handkerchiefs, and other personal articles continually serve to remind me of the tradition of Tappero.

To illustrate the inconvenience, however, picture me at any meeting, class, or congregation where a roll might be called. I sit tensely, foregoing discourse, sneak-reviews, meditation, and other temptations of idle moments while the person calling roll sounds the names beginning with the *A*'s, *B*'s, *C*'s, etc., until he comes to the *T*'s. At this climax, you would suppose that I could feel more at ease, but, in fact, the opposite is true. Names such as Tabor, Tacconi, Taggart, Tappans, and so on precede mine until I become unnerved at the thought of possibly having been overlooked. When Tappero is finally called, a state of hyperneurosis often paralyzes my larynx, and the person calling roll must scrutinize his list of names for possible mispronunciation, fumble a few times with accents on improper syllables, and then scan the room apologetically for some sign of recognition. By this time, I manage to raise my hand, and invariably am met with a glowering reprimand. Ah, timid soul!

One instance illustrates the disadvantage I labor under. While undergoing a period of indoctrination in the United States Coast Guard, we recruits were being chosen for technical training. This selection was based upon a minimum test-score which I had managed to pass with a mark identical to several other applicants. Naturally there were certain quota limitations for this training, and only twelve men could be chosen. Alphabetically I was the thirteenth! My spirit, all that tremendous morale built carefully by early morning marches to spirited band music and the ministrations of a very considerate boatswain's mate, was broken.

You may propose that I change my name to Appero. Truly it would facilitate matters somewhat; however, in the larger sense it would be impractical, expensive, and ungrateful. Besides, someday there might be a will probated in my favor, and if there are any Apperos richer than any Tapperos, I don't know them. And I'd be left out anyway.

The Giant Eye

CHARLES PONTIUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

(Outline)

Thesis: The two-hundred inch telescope recently installed on Mt. Palomar, despite the many problems involved in its construction, now promises to add greatly to astronomical knowledge.

- I. George Ellery Hale is chiefly responsible for the development of the telescope.
 - A. He worked to improve telescopic instruments.
 - B. He helped to secure financial backing for the Mt. Palomar telescope.
 - C. He helped to arrange for the construction of the telescope under the guidance of an Observatory Council.
- II. The construction of the mirror and the telescope tube presented many difficulties.
 - A. The type of telescope had to be selected.
 - B. The mirror presented problems at each stage: casting, rough grinding, polishing, and finishing.
 - C. The telescope tube required complex machining, assembling, and adjusting.
 - D. The final assembling of the mirror and tube at Mt. Palomar offered further problems.
- III. The completed telescope now promises to add greatly to astronomical knowledge.
 - A. The telescope was to have begun operation in 1948.
 - B. The first projects will begin extended analysis of the structure and behavior of the universe.

The Giant Eye

MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS AGO, IN HIS BOOK ENTITLED *Journey to the Moon*, Jules Verne described a giant telescope which was to follow the path of a projectile carrying people to the moon. In his description, Verne pictured this telescope as a huge reflector about sixteen feet in diameter and weighing fifteen tons. He estimated its cost as being approximately \$400,000.¹ Today, modern science has produced a huge telescope which exceeds the fondest dreams of even the most imaginative writer.

The origin of this giant telescope dates back to the days of Galileo and the tiny, homemade telescope with which he first discovered the moons of Jupiter in 1610.² In more recent years, credit is given to George Ellery Hale for actual development of the telescope. As a thirteen year old boy, Hale first became interested in astronomy when he procured a four-inch telescope and made observations of the sky from his own backyard. He was deeply enthusiastic over the possibilities of astronomy and decided upon this field as his life study. Through his wealthy father, Hale studied astronomy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and soon had constructed a twelve-inch telescope to enlarge his studies of the sun. From this small instrument, he made several startling discoveries, but soon realized that a bigger telescope was needed. His next undertaking was the establishment of the Yerkes Observatory with a forty-inch telescope, in Wisconsin. Still dissatisfied with the limits to his work, Hale was soon dreaming of still larger telescopes. These dreams led him to the development of a sixty-inch instrument at Mt. Wilson. The science of astronomy was now progressing by leaps and bounds until even the sixty-inch telescope had its definite limits, and astronomers were dreaming of a still larger one. Hale visited the Carnegie Institute, and, after many arguments, procured a special grant to construct the hundred-inch telescope which is now doing excellent work at Mt. Wilson.³ This newest instrument solved many of the riddles bothering astronomers, but also provoked new questions which were extremely interesting and demanded solutions.

In 1928, Hale suggested the idea of a still larger instrument and finally convinced his friends that such a telescope was feasible. Determined to carry through his idea, Hale visited the Rockefeller General Education Board, seeking funds to sponsor his latest brain-child. Hale wanted this newest observatory to be built by and for a group of astronomers so that any of them could use it, but the Rockefeller Board would grant the money only to some educational institution. They finally reached a compromise in which

¹ Woodbury, David O., *The Glass Giant of Palomar* (New York, 1940), p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 24. ³ *Ibid.*, pp. 7-93.

the California Institute of Technology received a grant of \$6,250,000 for the construction of a two hundred-inch telescope.⁴ Construction of this newest telescope was to be supervised by an Observatory Council composed of prominent men from every field of science.

The first problem before the Council concerned the type of telescope to be constructed. Two types were most widely used. One was the refracting type in which a convex lens focused light at some point below it, usually on a photographic plate. The second type was the reflecting type in which the light was reflected by a concave mirror back to a plate at its focal point. The refracting type was discarded because some light was lost passing through the convex lens, and, also, the image was enlarged, making it rather fuzzy when photographed. Since these disadvantages did not occur in the reflecting type of telescope, it was chosen, and the first problem was solved.⁵

With the type of telescope to be used chosen, the next problem was to decide what material to use in constructing the mirror. Four possibilities were presented to the Council. These were fused quartz, pyrex, glass on metal, and metal alone. The latter two were discarded because of the immense weight involved. Fused quartz was finally chosen because its rate of expansion was less than that of Pyrex.⁶

The General Electric Corporation was awarded a contract for construction of the huge disc from fused quartz. Work was started immediately on small discs to devise a successful means for casting the larger one. The General Electric engineers succeeded in making various small mirrors up to about sixty inches, but beyond this point experiments failed, so the Council had to revert to a Pyrex disc. The casting job was undertaken by the Corning Glass Works.⁷ They were extremely successful in casting smaller discs and were soon ready to start on the two hundred-inch slab. To reduce the weight of the huge disc, the back portion was to be ribbed in construction. Cores were needed to produce these ribs, and another problem presented itself. The intense heat of the molten glass caused the cores to break loose; so a special means of fastening the cores had to be derived. This was accomplished by fastening the cores with metal bolts and passing cooled air around the bolts. The big disc was poured at last and ready to anneal. The annealing process required a period of ten months, during which time the big disc had to cool very slowly.⁸

At last the huge disc was completed and ready for shipment to California. Special cratings of wood and steel encased the giant mirror, and it was loaded edgewise on a railroad car for shipment. Thousands of people lined the railroad to see the huge disc on its way across the country.

Upon arrival in Pasadena, California, the mirror was moved to the opti-

⁴ "World's Largest Telescope to Bring Universe Closer," *Science News Letter*, LI (April 19, 1947), p. 243. ⁵ Woodbury, *op. cit.*, pp. 70-73.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 116-123. ⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 124-150. ⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 165-200.

cal shop at California Institute of Technology, to begin the job of grinding and polishing. This was to be the most painstaking part in the construction of the mirror. First, the glass disc was set in a metal disc, and then the rough grinding began. Over two tons of glass were removed in giving the mirror its preliminary parabolic shape. With the finish of the rough grinding process, the entire optical shop was immaculately cleaned from top to bottom. Then the polishing process began. The opticians changed clothes upon entering or leaving the optical shop, and the shop itself was cleaned twice each day with a magnetic sweeper. All air entering the shop was filtered, and the temperature was regulated to variations of less than one-half of a degree. This was necessary because a three degree change in temperature would expand the glass and the cutting tool at different rates, causing distortions in the polishing. A jeweler's rouge was used in the final polishing and a wave of light used to measure errors. The final surface was true to one-millionth of an inch. The opticians estimated that one-third of an ounce of glass was removed each week in the final polishing process.

The next step after polishing was finishing the disc to give it a reflecting surface. Aluminum was used as a reflector and sprayed on to the disc in a fine, even coat. After the basic aluminum coat had been successfully applied, a second layer of clear, fused quartz was applied to prevent the aluminum from tarnishing and to permit cleaning.⁹

While the glass disc was being ground and polished, work on the telescope tube was also progressing. The Westinghouse Company had been selected to construct the tube and its mounting. The mounting was to be a horseshoe-shaped affair so that the telescope could be pivoted as low as the horizon. The tube was to be held by a huge yoke fastened to the horseshoe. Since the great weight of the telescope would cause tremendous friction, a special bearing was devised and given the name of "oil-pad bearings." Oil is forced over the bearings at three hundred and seventy-five pounds per square inch to keep the metal parts from touching. The horseshoe was machined under strains which were equal to the weight of the telescope so that it would always travel in a perfect circle, regardless of the weight upon it. The horseshoe had to be built in three sections so that it could be transported to its destination. Since this telescope was to be so large, a tube was built at the focal point which would enable an observer to operate the instrument from a position alongside the telescope. Members of the telescope were machined to an accuracy of one-thousandth of an inch. The entire telescope was to be rotated by electrical motors. These motors were connected to one circuit and adjusted so that one change in motion would automatically bring adjustments from all the other motors.¹⁰

⁹ "Newest Wonder of the World," *Popular Mechanics*, LXXXVII (March, 1947), 126-130.

¹⁰ "How High Is the Sky?" *Westinghouse Engineer*, VIII (July, 1948), 98-102.

With the completion of the structural telescope came the problem of transporting the two-hundred-inch mirror from the optical shop in Pasadena to its final resting place atop Mt. Palomar, one hundred and sixty-three miles away. The huge mirror was loaded on a special low-bed trailer and pulled by a diesel tractor developing one hundred and fifty horsepower. Another tractor of the same size followed the load to push on steeper grades. The first lap of the journey to Escondido, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, was completed in thirteen and one-half hours. The last lap of thirty-three miles contained almost every hazard known to highway travel. The road crossed four bridges and wound its way up the mountain from sea level to 5,600 feet above sea level. Heavy fog, sleet, rain, and snow covered the road, slowing the convoy with its precious cargo to an average speed of seven miles per hour. On November 19, 1947, the mirror had finally reached its destination and the two parts were ready to be joined together.¹¹

In January, 1948, the huge telescope was finally completed and ready for its first peek into space. Many minor adjustments remained, but already a catalogue of work was being arranged for the giant. Important observations were to begin in June, 1948. Possibly the first project to be undertaken by astronomers with their new baby will be an analysis of the structure and behavior of the universe.¹²

Standing in regal splendor atop Mt. Palomar, the 500-ton monster points its huge eye to the sky in defiance of all the difficulties which the laws of nature cast before the progress of our advancing knowledge.

¹¹ "Moving the Eye with Diesels," *Diesel Power*, XXVI (February, 1948), 48.

¹² "Astronomers Take First Peek with Giant Scope," *Science News Letter*, LIII (January 31, 1948), 70.

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Criticism

Let an author beware. If he wants me to enjoy his writing—or even read it—he must be vivacious, but not frenetically, fatiguingly over-active. He must use vivid, exact, artistic, appropriate words that paint his sunsets in realistic azure and salmon, not in indigo and blood-red. Above all, he must be entertaining. He must interest me—unless he is saying something so supremely worthwhile, according to a sane, intelligent, vital method, that I will put up with his maundering for the sake of his message, and do, even though unwillingly, the work he himself should have done, the work of adding life to his prose and spark to his smouldering.—LARZ ANDERSON.

Discord

CHARLES W. LEKBERG

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

A TALL, BRONZED CHANTEUSE ADVANCES TO THE CENTER of the floor. Appreciative masculine eyes, discerning feminine eyes, gaze. Her slim form, her classic features, her bewitching smile are plainly evident. Here is exciting sophistication wrapped in a dazzling new Maggie Rouff creation. Such perfection in womanhood hardly seems real. This is Saturday evening in the Pump Room.

Cat under her brawny arm, Sophie hulks to the door of the farm-house carrying a porcelain slopjar. She enters the cheerless kitchen, flings the scrawny cat in its box, and noisily sets down the receptacle she is carrying. Her husband greets her with insolent silence. This is Saturday evening at the Olsson's.

The atmosphere of the Pump Room is excited, but hushed; the inimitable Blanche is nearly ready. Her crimson lips part and—ah! Honeyed streaks of exquisite tone flow from ear to ear; the spell is cast. Important things are now important, real things now unreal. Unadventurous, dull thoughts are stifled. From a husky throat to a tender, pliable group of listeners rolls the ecstasy of a full, luxuriant tone, mournful with the melancholy and exultant with the extreme in melody.

The wind fights bitterly to enter the unprotected windows of the kitchen. The place is chilled as a tomb. Breaking the dry silence Sophie screeches, "What t' hell's achin' ya, Oskar? I tolja ta git outa that chair an' git some wood fer that stove." Oskar stares stonily at the woman he married fourteen years ago. Whatever shred of romance was theirs at the time of their marriage no longer exists. He feels no affection for this awkward, draft-horse of a woman. She could no more please him than a vulture could please a robin. She was a washed out, sexless woman with no passion but that of dominating poor Oskar.

. . . .

The applause following Blanche's superb rendition did justice to so noble a woman. Surely, here *was* a person, one to be enjoyed and thought of often. This celebrity was the toast of social circles everywhere. Certainly the world was grateful to Blanche; such interpretation, such entertainment was hers and only hers. She was serving society well.

Oskar moved grudgingly to the cellar door, opened it, and descended to procure the wood. He paused at the bottom of the uneven wooden steps. He despised Sophie and all she stood for. God, how he did! But what was there to do but comply with her orders, do as she commanded? Husband is legally bound to wife. He was serving her well.

The "State"

JAMES CLAYTON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

ILLINOIS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP HIGH SCHOOL BASKET-ball tournament—those words mean excitement and bring enthusiastic talk to every basketball fan in the state. Once a year Huff Gymnasium on the University of Illinois campus is host to this spectacle of amateur basketball. When Lewis Omar, athletic director at Oak Park, invited thirteen teams to participate in the first "State Championship" tournament in 1908, he could hardly have hoped for his "brainchild" to grow into the magnificent show it is today. The tournament has grown from its humble beginnings to include the representatives of every section of the state. Almost all of the first contestants were from the Chicago area, with Peoria travelling the farthest, but last spring the sixteen schools had fought their way to the finals from every part of the state—from Rockford in the north to Marion in the south, from Quincy in the west to Robinson in the east.

The State Tournament in Champaign is one of the most colorful events in amateur basketball anywhere in the world. Each March, hundreds of fans converge on the home of the University of Illinois to cheer their teams to victory. Thousands of others are denied the right to attend the tournament because of the lack of seating space. If a gymnasium large enough can be found, the tournament would draw in the neighborhood of forty thousand fans to each of its seven sessions.

People dream for years of coming to the "State," and when they finally get to come, they fill the whole community of Champaign-Urbana with a festive air. They come in trains, in buses, in shiny new cars, and in old "jalopies"—any way to get to Champaign. They bring all their pep and spirit with them. They wave flags, shout, and do everything imaginable to get others to notice them and to realize that their town is playing in the "State." They mill and fight outside the gymnasium, struggling to get inside if they have tickets, or if they are in the unlucky majority, trying to buy a ticket from someone.

Finally they work their way into the interior of Huff gym, and instantly they are overcome with the color, noise, excitement, and general joy of the hundreds already assembled. Long before game time, every available seat is occupied. The aisles are jammed and people are practically hanging from the rafters. Down on the floor, small groups of girls dressed in fancy costumes try, usually unsuccessfully, to draw the attention of the fans and persuade them to do some organized cheering. These cheerleaders are the sparks of the tourney. They work the crowd into its mad frenzy and then

keep it there until the tournament is over. Some of them are acrobatic, like the vivacious "Joline from Moline"; others are quieter, like the cute little "Panthers from P'Ville." They scream for "their" boys; they laugh when "they" win; they cry when "they" lose.

Even the building itself adds to the excitement. On the south wall hangs a large map of the State of Illinois with a small light representing each participating school. As a school is defeated, its light goes out, until finally only one remains—the State Champion. In the west balcony typewriters pound noisily and voices drone on and on. The press and radio sections are sending out the report to the thousands of fans eagerly awaiting the news in all corners of the state. Flash bulbs are shot off continually as the photographers record the scenes of another State Championship battle.

The excitement builds up with every game, but then dies down a little as another light goes out. Usually the frenzy reaches its peak during the semi-finals on Saturday. Then the teams are battling for the right to play in the finals that night; but when the big game rolls around, practically everyone is too exhausted to add much to the noise, so they sit back and watch intensely.

The most touching part of the tournament, however, is hidden from the prying eyes of the fans. Deep in the heart of Huff gym, down under the playing floor, are the dressing rooms. There are found the boys who make the tournament what it is. There are the boys who come from every place in the state—some from rich homes, others from poor shacks; some whose names are known to nearly all the fans sitting above them, others who have never been heard of before and who never will be heard of again. But here, in the State Tournament, they are all equal. They are all going out to play and win the championship game. Each day, every one of them dies a thousand deaths, as he hates himself for missing an important shot or for making a bad play. Finally the end comes. The losers rush heartsick from the floor and make their way to the confines of the dressing room, there to brood in silence and to replay for the first time the game about which they will talk for the rest of their lives. Here are the most touching scenes of the tournament. Strong, determined young men crying like babies—each blaming himself for the defeat of his team. After one game of the 1948 tournament, one player, who had been the star of the opening day session, sat and cried unconsolably for twenty minutes because he thought himself to blame for the loss.

The other side of the basement is an entirely different picture after the game. There the winners are to be found, leaping, shouting, crying for joy. They are the heroes. Tomorrow, they may be just another bunch of forgotten boys, but today they are the heroes. Tomorrow they will play again and again, until only one team remains. Then the curtain will ring down, and another "State Tournament" will go into the books.

Königstadt

WARREN ZIEBELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

IT WAS A WONDERFUL MORNING! EVEN THOUGH THE SUN had not yet risen and quiet feathers of snow were still drifting down, I just knew it was going to be a very wonderful morning. Old Gerd also felt the coming splendor of sunlight on a clear white world. He extended his hand and helped me up beside him in the sleigh; then turning his head this way and that, he sniffed the air and prophesied, "Schöner Tag heute!" This accomplished, he shook out the reins, clicked his tongue, and our eager mare joyfully lunged into the traces and danced off down the road.

Sitting there in the cold, brisk morning, I pulled the sleighrobe tighter around me and was glad to be alive. Trudi, our mare, was making music. She seemed to find an immense amount of joy in shaking from the bells of her harness tinkling peals of music to the crunching time of her hoofs upon the snow. Oh! how she loved to dance; lifting and placing each foot, she displayed grace and rhythm that would shame most ballet dancers.

As we approached the first pines, white robed sentinels of the forest, the snow ceased falling, and the brightening sky began to make details visible in the surrounding country-side. The wood-cutter's white-capped piles of wood stood clustered about like a group of cattle belly-deep in snow. The crowded second-growth of Christmas trees under their white blanket looked like a mass of winter mountains in Lilliputian land.

Buried deep beneath the robe beside old Gerd, with Trudi's music in my ears, I sat and wished that I could be a child again, but didn't know how. I thought of Gerd, good old Gerd! He was always doing something for me, and never wanting to be rewarded. He seemed to have adopted me and to enjoy my company as much as I enjoyed his. I didn't have to look at him to know what he looked like. He sat very straight with his collar turned up around his neck. His fur cap was pulled down around his ears and tied on by a muffler, half obscuring his face. It was, however, easy to see his great red nose above the greying moustache that spread across his face.

The coming dawn turned my thoughts from Gerd and left them free to revel in the morning's splendor. The crimson glow in the east slowly turned to rose, brightened into gold, and faded away as the sunlight gilded the mountain tops across the valley. Driving the fleeing shadows before it, the golden light crept down the mountainsides and upon us. The towering pines along the road gleamed in the sun like crystalline spires and columns, shading the peerless architects of old.

The sunlight seemed to warm up Gerd, and as we slowly wound our way higher into the hills, he told me tales of his youth and the mountains. It seems strange (as I look back now) that he, with his broken English, and I, with my meager German, could converse so well. We found little barrier in language, and complete understanding enabled him to fascinate me with his tales and legends of the area.

Reaching the summit of the next hill, we espied our destination. Some distance before us, nestled about the crest of a lesser hill, lay the little town of Königstadt, "Kingstown." Even from the distance it looked like a history book town, for all the buildings surrounded the ruins of the medieval castle that perched upon the crest of the hill. The village with its steepled church snuggled beneath its burden of snow and contentedly sent its many wisps of smoke drifting skyward.

We paused awhile, spellbound by the enchanting beauty of the scene. As if sensing the welcome that awaited her at our destination, Trudi shook her bells impatiently, and at a word from Gerd, we dipped down and into the forested valley before us. A deer bounded across the road and disappeared. When I looked again, Königstadt was lost to view.

About noon we emerged from the forest and approached the village. Men had been about with their dirty tracks, spoiling the immaculate beauty of the clean, white snow, but turning down the streets of the village, we were met by an entirely new and enchanting picture. The roads were narrow and crooked, and under the stained, rutted snow lay cobble-stones as old as the hill upon which they rested. The houses stood crowded up to the street, leaving only a narrow walk, or no walk at all. The second stories protruded out over the street as though the houses standing in the rear were sticking their heads over the first row so that they too might see. The houses were made of stone or of stucco plastered in between great dark timbers. The roofs were very steep, and now and then the snow fell down, exposing great patches of bright red tile. Behind the dwellings were barns and yards where the stock and crops were kept. A huge dog ran barking after Trudi's heels, but soon tired of the sport. A faint but pungent odor of wet straw and cattle stirred in the air.

Farther into town the street widened out a bit and shops began to appear. They were small and lacking in signs and advertisements. Here and there people were walking, and children played in the streets. Every once in a while someone would wave or call to Gerd. The people seemed friendly and genuine in their actions. It was very much like stepping back into the sixteenth century. I should not have been surprised if the group of men conversing before the cobbler's shop were discussing the recent heretical writings of that fellow Luther, "the mad monk of Würtemberg."

We did not continue on toward the center of town and its ruin-crowned summit, but turned into a side-street that skirted up and around to the steep,

unwooded side of the hill. We stopped in front of a great, old inn that perched before a steep drop into the valley. On one side toward the sharp cliff, it top covered with the remains of a once impregnable castle; on the other side of the inn lay the beautiful valley. It was indeed a fine position for a lodging-house, being both on the edge and yet almost in the center of town.

A short, stout fellow came bursting through the door with much shouting and pumped our hands in greeting. As he took Trudi away with the promise of a large meal, we turned and entered the house. Inside there was much noise, introducing, and shaking of hands. There was Gerd's brother and his wife, Ernst and Helga, and their two sons, fine strapping youths named Gero and Gunter. There was also a pretty, dark-haired maid flitting around the interior. The introductions being over, we men retreated to the Herrenzimmer, "gentleman's room"; there we smoked, talked, and drank a little delicious Rhine wine.

I inquired about the history of the town, and immediately I had four willing narrators. The castle was originally the manor of the feudal lord, and about it clustered the humble dwellings of the serfs, for protection. As the conditions in Europe changed, the lord turned into a robber-prince. Finally the castle and town were destroyed in 1443 by an army that the trade towns sent out to destroy the bandits. Although the town was rebuilt, the castle was left in ruins. Very many of the buildings remain today, unaltered except for the addition of electricity and running water.

The story was interrupted by the call to dinner. We all assembled in the dining-room and took our places about the steaming food-laden table; I found myself at the head, a position of honor among these people. It was a very delicious meal; there was soup, roast goose, dressing, potatoes, vegetables, pudding, and a fine wine. The meal was very informal; I ate ravenously, as I was famished. The conversation was light and entertaining, but I kept being distracted by the merry eyes and bewitching smiles of the dark-haired maid. She was busily engaged in serving, but I found it easy to catch her eye, and her blushes were simply delightful.

After stuffing ourselves to the limit with good food, we adjourned to the parlor and talked about many things. Finally the members of the family began drifting away to see to the accomplishment of various tasks. Before long only Gerd, Emil, his brother, and I were left. When Emil began telling of a new horse he'd bought, Gerd insisted on seeing this creature that supposedly could compare with his Trudi. I declined the invitation to accompany them to the stables, as I wished to relax and gaze out the window.

After I had finally convinced my hosts that I didn't mind being alone for a while, I stood thinking by the window. Looking out and over the valley, I thought over the merits of the town. There were deer in the nearby forest, and I liked to hunt. Gerd had often told me of the fish in the valley streams, and I liked to fish. There were no railroads or highways near by to disturb

the peace and quiet of the place. It was a pleasant town. I watched the skiers tracing delicate patterns across the hillsides, and I should like to learn to ski. I tried to picture spring in this valley, and in my mind's eye I saw the purple fox-gloves spilling down the hillsides and dancing daisies crowding the valley floor. It really was a splendid town. The people seemed friendly enough. The cooks were very good, and the wine here was excellent. With a small amount of money I could come here, take up lodgings at this inn, and at my leisure forget the rest of the world. Hundreds of years ago it had been named Königsstadt, but was it a king's town? Was it fit for a king? Could I be contented here?

Drifting up from the kitchen came the mischievous laughter of that blushing dark-haired maid. Yes! this was indeed a Königsstadt!

Rhet as Writ

Russia and the United States are just trying to make a scrapcoat out of China.

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In the dead of night a shot rang out, and in the distance a dog whelped.

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The teacher is not to be either the autocratic or the *lassie-faire* type.

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Captain Hornblower stands out quite clearly as a tall, taciturn figure, with a cold, precise face and black hair beginning to thin a little toward the latter part of the book.

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How could so many people get killed and still go on fighting?

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The sailor still being passed out, received a cold bucket of water in the face which was handed to him by the officer.

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Every year there are over 50,000 young girls having babies who are unmarried and between the ages of twelve and twenty.

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The values of good manners are manifold. Think how stupid we would look walking down the street on the inside of a lady!

* * * *

The girls all appear in frilly formals, the boys just in tucks.

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